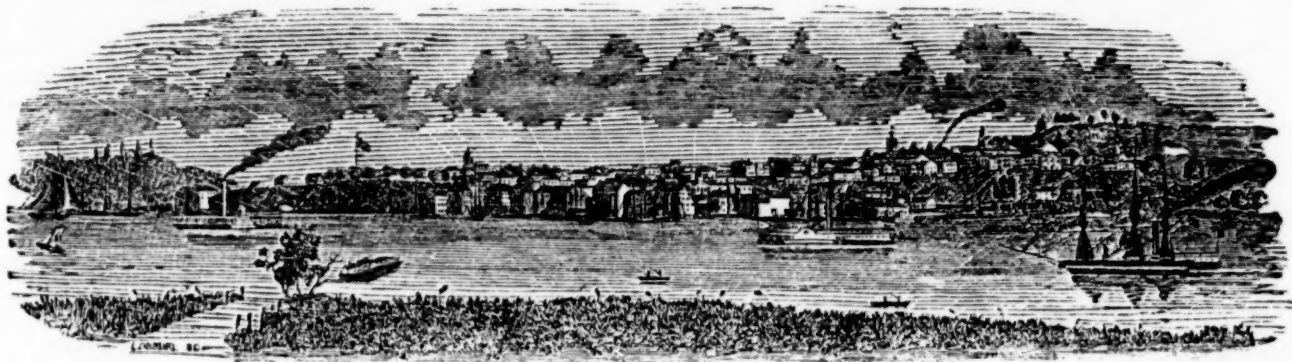


# RURAL REPOSITORY.



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The Weighing House, formerly called St. Anthony's Gate at Amsterdam.



It is singular that Amsterdam, the most incommo-  
dious port of Holland, should have become the  
greatest resort of trade and shipping, but here  
flowed the trade of Europe and India once enjoyed  
by Lisbon and Antwerp, while Helvoetsluys the  
only tolerable harbor on the coast, was without any  
trade. The whole history of Dutch commerce,  
however, teaches us not to rely too much upon

natural advantages or to attribute too little to the  
efficacy of moral causes. Antwerp was more  
favorably situated than Amsterdam; it was also  
like Amsterdam, near the mouths of great rivers,  
and in the centre of Europe, which fitted it to be  
an emporium for the north and south; but the  
horrors of war and the spirit of tyranny ruined the  
trade of Antwerp, and in 1585 the city was taken,

after a siege by the Spaniards. Holland the com-  
mon refuge of the oppressed, where liberty of con-  
science could be enjoyed and equal laws prevailed  
naturally profited by the fall of Antwerp. "Through-  
out the whole course of all the persecutions and  
oppressions that have occurred in other countries  
the steady adherence of the republic to this fun-  
damental law, (the free exercise of different relig-

ions) has been the cause that many people have not only fled, hither for refuge, with their whole stock in ready cash, but have also settled and established many trades, fabrics, manufactures, arts, and sciences in this country, notwithstanding the first materials for the said fabrics and manufactures were almost wholly wanting in it, and not to be procured but at great expense from foreign ports." In the seventeenth century, when the prices of provisions were higher in Holland than in England, the Dutch undersold the English manufacturer in foreign markets. Our cloths were sent to Holland in a white state, as the Dutch mode of dyeing and dressing them was superior to our own, although this was our great staple manufacture. The population of Holland was, in truth, more orderly and industrious, and better accustomed to continuous labor than the English workmen of two centuries ago; and it was therefore natural that they should reap all the advantages of their superiority.

In addition to the confidence inspired by the constitution and form of government, the mode in which justice was administered, the care to preserve peace and tranquility at home and abroad, and the probity of public men—moral causes which contributed to increase the trade and opulence of the country—there were others which deserve also to be mentioned.

There were also several adventitious causes which contributed to swell the stream of commerce. While Holland was acting upon maxims which render trade flourishing, other countries were often ravaged by war or oppressed on account of religion, and had not, like Holland, been compelled, by their natural unproductiveness, to attend to every circumstance which could encourage commerce. The shipping of Holland, which by the middle of the sixteenth century had nearly outgrown the demands of trade in Europe, found soon afterward, in America and the East Indies, fresh sources of profitable employment; and large possessions in these parts, which Spain had mismanaged, fell into the hands of the Dutch with little trouble, when, having beaten the Spaniards at home, they turned their arms toward the settlements of their enemies abroad.

In the course of time so much capital had accumulated that money could be borrowed by the government at two per cent. The bank of Amsterdam was in high credit, and attracted capital from every country for better security. There was always money to be obtained for all sorts of useful works, as bridges roads, canals, &c.; and when there was scarcely any room left for its application at home, it flowed, as Adam Smith has remarked, to the most distant employments, in loans to foreign countries, and in attempts to open new channels of trade. In Sir William Temple's time, the difficulty of finding advantageous investments was so great, that, when the government paid off any part of its funded debt, the creditors received their capital "with tears, not knowing how to dispose of it to interest with such safety and ease." At a later period, Smith notices that people of capital were themselves compelled to superintend its employment in trade, and it was *unfashionable* for a man not to be engaged in some trade or commercial occupation.

The trade of Holland is still very extensive, but we have not space for details in the present notice. Amsterdam maintains its ancient pre-eminence.

## TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

### CAROLINE WOODVILLE;

#### Or the Disappointed Father.

THERE stands a spacious mansion, not far from the village of L— on the banks of the Hudson so surrounded by oaks and elms which have withstood the raging tempest for ages, as scarcely to be observed by the passer by.

The occupant and owner of this once splendid mansion—was what the world would term wealthy, although Mr. Woodville's income was barely sufficient to maintain his family—which consisted of himself, wife, three sons and four daughters, in an honorable standing in society.

Caroline Woodville, for such is the heroine of this tale, was the youngest of the daughters, a bright and charming girl. She was tall and comely, with light hazel eyes, light auburn hair that hung in graceful curls about her neck and shoulders—her complexion clear as Parisian marble, and her countenance, one such as a Grecian sculptor would like to have chiseled.

During her infancy she was the pride of her parents; nor did this affection cease as she grew older, but on the contrary grew stronger. When she had attained her ninth year, she was placed at a distant boarding-school, which it was thought was the best in the country.

Her father left strict injunctions with Mrs. Worden the teacher, to let her mingle with no society except that which would tend to enlighten her mind, and by whose examples she might profit. She possessed a memory eager to catch and long to retain; and suffered nothing to escape, but firmly implanted it to be called forth upon any future occasion.

While at school she made great proficiency in Mathematics and the Languages, and ere she left, there was no problem so hard as not to be solved by her, or no sentence so complicated as not to be readily translated.

When her father became aware of this fact he determined to spare neither labor nor pains in making her an accomplished lady. Report was rife in the neighborhood that old Woodville had resolved upon giving all his estate to his daughter; and as is attendant upon such circumstances, he earnestly desired that in giving her hand she would act in strict conformity with his desires. But in this how soon was he to be disappointed.

Years passed by, and Caroline remained at school until she had attained her eighteenth year, when her father deemed it proper that she should return home, there to remain a few weeks preparatory to making the tour of Europe, which he considered would be necessary to complete her education. The 12th of June was set apart for her return; until which time the family were busily employed in making preparations for a large and splendid party that was to adorn Woodville's house that evening. In the meantime tickets of invitation were sent to the most wealthy families of L—, and a large number of both sexes was expected to be in attendance to witness Caroline's return, and the change that nine years from home had made in her person and in her appearance.

Toward evening there might have been seen—winding their way along through the stately oaks and elms, splendid carriages drawn by, from two to

four dashing steeds, containing guests with hearts as light and buoyant as would wish to be seen upon such an occasion. Evening came, and with it increasing anticipations on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Woodville. Already were the brilliantly illuminated and gorgeously decorated parlors filled to overflowing, yet there was one thing wanting to complete the pleasure derived from such a scene. Time flew rapidly by, and no Caroline appearing began to create wonder and alarm among the assembly. Nine o'clock came and with it no Caroline. As a messenger was preparing to go in pursuit, a slight tap was heard at the hall door, which being opened, Caroline entered—pale as marble, and leaning upon the arm of a young man apparently about twenty two, whose appearance and dress bespoke him to be rather below moderate circumstance in life, and whom I will introduce to the reader as Charles Morley.

"Gracious Heaven," ejaculated Mrs. Woodville after having remained some moments in astonishment, and gazing upon the sight before her, "what is the matter, what accident has befallen you? speak quickly I pray you."

"Show me to my chamber," was all that the already fainting Caroline could reply. And from the fatigues of the journey and the sad accident, was soon wrapped in a sound sleep.

But how changed was the appearance in the parlor. Joy and mirth was changed to sadness and disappointment. Uproar and confusion seemed to prevail; and desire to know what had happened was manifested by every person.

It appears that after leaving Mrs. Worden's school nothing worthy of note happened until within a few miles of home, when the four splendid grays which Mr. Woodville had sent with a trusty servant for his daughter, (as being the most convenient, and at the same time, safe method of conveyance,) were within about a mile of home, they suddenly took fright at a drayman's cart and ran with full speed down the hill, dashing the carriage to atoms. The driver and Caroline were both severely injured by the fall; the former having his shoulder dislocated and one arm broken: while the latter received a wound internally which was likely to prove dangerous. It was at this time that Charles Morley was passing by, who immediately assisted them into his waggon and drove to the house with all speed. Medical aid was sent for when it was found the wound was not so dangerous as was anticipated, although she was confined to her room for some weeks. But by careful attendance she gradually gained her strength and health, so that after a short time the Physician allowed her to walk out and breathe the fresh air during a few hours each day. Gradually but slowly did she recover from the fall until she was considered as having perfectly gained her health. At the expiration of a few weeks she was to start for Europe, yet she could not content herself with going—perhaps never to return, without expressing her thanks to her preserver, as she considered Charles Morley.

But how was he to be found? was a question which required some time in answering. However after diligent inquiring he was found and summoned to her presence. Charles was tall and well-proportioned—though he was not what the world would call handsome; his dress plain—though neatly arranged; his hair jet black and curling slightly; his complexion strongly resembling that of a southerner.



A few moments spent at the toilet and Charles was on his way to the house of Mr. Woodville, wondering as he rode along, what business Mr. Woodville could have with him—a poor mechanic, that demanded his immediate presence.

A few hours ride brought him to the door of Mr. Woodville's house, and throwing the reins to a servant he dismounted and proceeded up the marble steps. Rapping at the door, which was soon opened he entered, and found himself in the presence of Mr. Woodville and Caroline.

"This is Mr. Morley, I presume, that I have the honor of addressing?" asked Mr. Woodville.

"The same, sir," replied Charles, with affected composure, not yet perceiving the object of his hasty summons.

"Probably you are not aware," continued Mr. Woodville addressing him, "for what purpose you have been sent for. My daughter intends making the tour of Europe, and has desired, from the time you took her up in the road, to express her acknowledgments to one whom she considers as her preserver. For myself I consider I am under the greatest obligations to you, and as far as pecuniary affairs are concerned, whatever is demanded as a recompense will be freely given."

"I ask nothing in compensation for that act," replied Charles, "true benevolence prompted me to do it. There are some I presume that would have passed, without stopping to render the least aid. But with me it is far different. Should I pass such a scene without rendering all the aid in my power, I should consider myself as sinning against Nature, and that the spirit of benevolence would be entirely destroyed. Nothing delights me more, than doing good to a fellow mortal, and whatever can be done (as far as my means will allow,) will be done, willingly and cheerfully. To know your daughter has recovered her health is sufficient compensation for that, or any other like action."

It will be remembered that Caroline was lying in rather a dangerous position when Morley passed, and had it not been for his timely arrival, she would inevitably, have lost her life. It was for this reason Mr. Woodville was so desirous to see him. Had he been aware of the attachment he was giving rise to by this invitation, family pride would have scorned it, and he would let Morley pass without offering any recompense.

"Well then," continued Mr. Woodville after a few moments pause, "since you refuse any thing I may offer, allow me to say that I am exceedingly obliged to you, and would like to do more. I have very urgent business, Mr. Morley, and beg you will excuse me."

"Certainly sir," replied Charles, and turning towards Caroline he remarked, "I am extremely happy to see you have recovered your health, for I entertained serious apprehensions about your recovery. I considered you when I first saw you, as dangerous."

"It was thought so at first," replied Caroline, but by the mercy of Divine Providence, and through the influence of a skillful Physician I have completely recovered."

"How is the driver," inquired Charles, "he was considerably injured too I understand."

"Quite so, but he is recovering very fast, and I hope will soon be able to resume his office again; on the whole, it was a very unfortunate circumstance."

"Very indeed," replied Charles, "not only for yourself, but those that were waiting your return, must have been very much disappointed."

"True, they were somewhat disappointed," replied Caroline, but yet they parted in very good spirits—to return as soon as my health would admit, and it is expected they will favor us tomorrow evening, and it would give me great pleasure to have you, as one of the many guests that will be in attendance."

"Thank you Madame, I should be pleased to," he said somewhat surprised at receiving an invitation to appear in so fashionable and gay a society as it was expected would be there. I will not attempt to follow up their conversation during the evening—neither would it be prudent; suffice it to say, he was so fascinating in his appearance and manner of expression, as to completely win her affections. It was late at evening when Charles rose to depart; even then there was a reluctance—a feeling not easily overcome—a feeling for which neither could then assign any just cause, yet after an assurance on her part that they would meet again, he bid her a "good night," and hastened his way homeward.

But how changed was he from the person that entered Mr. Woodville's house a few hours before. He knew that his means would not allow him to accept the invitation. The "poor mechanic," as he was termed, felt assured that he would be sneered at by the rich and gay society that Caroline moved in; yet he felt a desire, from the first time he saw her, to seek her company. Until the present time he had not even dared to think of obtaining an interview with her.

But how was he to continue as a visitor. He knew that Mr. Woodville was wealthy, and his daughter dare not consistently, disobey his command; and should he be detected, by the old man, in visiting his daughter, he would be immediately forbidden to cross his threshold. Such, and the like reflections occupied his mind until he reached his home, when seeking his bed he was soon wrapped in a sound sleep.

But not so with Caroline. The possibility of losing the one in whom she had contemplated much happiness, and the impossibility of her father's consent being given to a match, which he would undoubtedly consider greatly beneath his daughter, were thoughts that troubled her sorely. Late in the evening she sought her pillow—but not to sleep, and devising plans for the future, it was nearly morning ere she closed her eyelids.

Her father she knew was wealthy, and had great influence over her. But notwithstanding all this she dearly loved Charles, though she had not declared it to him in words; yet her every action told too plainly, the high sentiments of respect she entertained for one she considered, as worthy and deserving of her hand. That this love was not reciprocated need not be imagined. In the morning she arose with a sad and sorrowful heart. During the day she seemed to be absorbed in deep thought, which, the preparation for the evening, the assembling of the guests and the joy and mirth that prevailed did not dispel. Her downcast appearance was frequently remarked by the company during the evening.

"How sorrowful your daughter looks, Mrs. Woodville," exclaimed Miss Worth, a fashionable belle, "has she completely recovered her health, or what can be the cause?"

"I have noticed it some time myself," replied Mrs. Woodville, "but surely I cannot tell what causes it. It may be the thought of leaving home so soon for Europe, or reminiscences of the past, may have affected her some."

"So soon did you say, Mrs. Woodville, pray how soon do you think she will leave us," inquired Miss Worth, "surely we shall be disappointed in parting with her very soon, for I have contemplated much pleasure with her."

"I cannot tell precisely, but she proposes starting on the sixteenth, which you know will come next week."

"Indeed I do not wonder, the thought of leaving such society as this, produces rather unpleasant feelings."

But neither Miss Worth, nor Mrs. Woodville, knew what thoughts greatly perplexed Caroline's mind. Perhaps, with them, the road to happiness was clear and unobstructed; but with Caroline it was far different. While they were enjoying the pleasures of the evening, she was busily engaged in forming a plan whereby she might carry on an uninterrupted correspondence with her lover, (for as such he was already regarded by her.) The evening passed, and with it the separating of the guests, each for their home.

A few weeks having passed, and Caroline is promenading the deck of a fine Liverpool packet, on her way to England. Nothing of importance occurred on their passage across the Atlantic, save that they had a very pleasant trip. She spent several months in England, in viewing the most fashionable places in the metropolis, and all the country seats that could afford pleasure to the eye, or enlighten the understanding. Passing into France, she remained a few months previous to going into Italy where she intended to spend the most of her time.

With Caroline time appeared to pass very slow, and every thing appeared to her to have lost its charms, and she eagerly looked forward to the day, in which she was to return to her native land and view again the scenes of her youth.

At the end of two years Caroline returned and many were the compliments paid her by men of wealth and distinction, among whom was a very wealthy planter. He was the owner of a very fine plantation in S. C. and it was while he was passing through L—that he became acquainted with Mr. Woodville, who invited him to his house, and appeared to be extremely fond of his company. Mr. Woodville was always generous towards the stranger, and Harry Hastings could do no more than accept of his hospitality. It was while he was staying there, that Caroline returned, and he was extremely well pleased with her company. Caroline treated him with that respect due a gentleman, but to love him was impossible. She might have loved him perhaps had not her affections been already pledged in favor of another. She received his visits, not because she loved him, or dreamed of such a thing; but because her father favored them, and he was anxious to bring about a match not merely because he thought so much of Harry; but because he thought of his wealth more, and considered his object gained, if he could unite his daughter's fortune with that of Harry's.

Meanwhile, Morley was a frequent visitor at the house of Woodville, and the old man saw that Caroline was very fond of his company, much more so, than of Harry's. She would walk with Charles

and ride with him, but when asked by Harry to do either, she would invariably complain of her health, and ask to be excused. Hastings continued his visits however, in hopes that he might win her affections. But alas! the longer they were continued, the more cold and indifferent her manner grew towards him. Still he entreated, and Caroline persisted, and while sitting in the parlor with her one evening he determined to obtain the promise of her hand, or be a rejected lover. After receiving such treatment as he had of late from Caroline, he scarcely dared to approach the subject yet he was anxious to know the result.

"You must be aware by this time, Miss Woodville," said Harry, "that I have loved you long and ardently, and that my future happiness is entirely at your disposal. I have talked with your father upon the subject, and he is perfectly satisfied with the choice; and moreover has promised me your hand. He says it would give him great pleasure to see two, so worthy of each other, united. It only remains now for you to say whether you will marry me or no."

"Really Mr. Hastings I am somewhat surprised at your sudden demand. By your tone, one would infer that you consider I have no mind of my own, relative to a matter of so much importance. I have not yet made up my mind to marry, even if I had it would not be you," replied Caroline.

"Not marry me Caroline," exclaimed Harry, in astonishment, "what are your reasons? remember your father's command."

"My father's command I care nought for, so far as a marriage with you is concerned," replied Caroline indignant at his presumption, "you will yet have to learn that I choose for myself, and when that time comes, I think I shall prefer a man with a far more noble mind than you possess, and one too whom I consider more worthy of my hand, and with whom I anticipate more future happiness than I can dare to think of, in taking you."

"Consider dearest lady that I am wealthy; thousands I have in my possession. All, you shall have as your own, if you will grant my request. Hundreds of slaves I have, all of which shall be at your service, and nothing shall hinder you from being happy."

"Dare you yet plead, when I have told you my views upon the subject. As to happiness, how do you suppose I can be happy with a man whom I do not love, and what is more, whom I never can love. Do you not suppose that I have as strong attachments for the object of my choice, as you have for me. Do you presume then that I can relinquish him, to whom I have promised my hand, and unite my destiny with another. You will oblige me much Mr. Hastings, if you will cease your useless labor and leave me to my own reflections."

The next day after this hopeless adventure, Mr. Hastings made Mr. Woodville acquainted with the cold reception which he received from Caroline, and that it was needless for him to press his suit any farther. Mr. Woodville assured him that he would see his daughter and would try to effect a reconciliation.

After a few days, in which Mr. Woodville carefully watched the proceedings between Caroline and Charles, and considered it time to cut short their visits. Summoning her to his library one morning he wished to know what reason she had

for thus refusing Mr. Hastings' offer, and to treat him with such disrespect.

"Refuse his offer," replied Caroline, "do you wish me to marry him?"

"Most certainly I do. Did he not tell you so?"

"He did, but father, that is something I can never do."

"Never do," exclaimed the old gentleman somewhat sternly, "it is something you *must* do, and *shall* do, or I have nothing to say. As for you keeping that Morley's company any longer, you cannot. Is this the return I am to receive for spending thousands in educating you, to make you accomplished, an honor to the family, and the society in which you move. The foolish notion you have of Morley, arose from motives entirely accidental, and not from a course of true love. I have counted much upon your union, but now I see I am to be disappointed. But it *can* not be, nor *shall* not be."

"Do not call it a foolish notion, Father," replied Caroline, "it is something higher and nobler than all this. Were you well acquainted with Morley, did you know that he was a brilliant and well-cultivated mind, you would say otherwise."

"The honor of my family and your welfare demand that you should not marry him. Henceforth he shall not be permitted to cross my threshold under any circumstances." Saying this he went out and left her to her own meditations.

"Nothing more than I expected," muttered she to herself as he left the room. "But yet there is a ray of hope left. If there is no other way, I will fly with him to whatever place he may choose. Providence never leaves any one unprotected, but, on the contrary has marked out a course for all."

Several days after this while riding out one pleasant afternoon unaccompanied by any one she accidentally met Charles when he turned his horse and accompanied her. During the ride she made known to him all that had transpired since she last saw him; how that her father and Hastings had pressed her suit with the latter, and that Morley had been forbidden to cross his threshold, all of which Charles bore with perfect composure, adding after she had finished, that all would be well with them yet.

But where were they to meet, next engaged their attention. Upon a small knoll situated a few hundred yards from the house, thickly covered with small trees and bushes, stood a large cypress, beneath whose shade the lovers would sit for hours during the warm summer days, enjoying the beautiful shade and cool breeze that played through the leaves as though it was not conscious of the warm hearts it was fanning.

Hitherto Caroline had led a quiet and easy life, had always obeyed her parents, and never knew what it was to want, whatever she wished for was willingly and quickly given her. But now she was doomed to disinheritance, banishment from her father's house, and all the evils attendant, if she continued on in her former course. She felt the time had come when she must leave her house and hitherto happy home; her aged parents too, towards whom she entertained sentiments of the highest respect; her brothers and sisters, and all that was near and dear to her heart must be left behind. Wealth and affluence were to be exchanged for—she knew not what. She knew not what the future would bring to pass, nor indeed did she care, so long as Charles Morley was her companion through life. Nevertheless she felt a lingering desire to remain,

but when she thought of the past her fears disappeared, and thinking "the last way as good as any" she determined to give her parents "the slip," and seek a home in some distant land.

Often did the lovers meet under the cool shade of the cypress, and hold long and pleasant communions together. Happy were the hours they passed in that quiet retreat, where nothing could molest them except the warbling of some small bird, which perhaps was singing hymns to its Creator in commemoration of their coming union.

Several months had passed in this manner, when both considered that some more decisive measures ought to be adopted, some time being spent in calculating the best and most expedient course for them to pursue, it was resolved upon, to repair to the nearest village, and be bound in "Hymen's silken bands," there to remain and see what effect it would have upon the old folks; if not productive of the desired effect, they then calculated to leave, and seek another home.

A few days after this, a carriage was seen rapidly approaching New Castle, and halted before the Hotel door, when a gentleman and lady alighted; entering the Hotel they sent for the nearest Minister who soon arrived, when, upon being asked if he could marry a couple, replied in the affirmative, and Caroline Woodville and Charles Morley were soon man and wife. Shortly after the marriage Caroline addressed the following note to her father.

"DEAR PARENT.—

Allow me to address you in that name although your conduct toward me does not deserve it since by your treatment I have been compelled to leave my home, and everything that was near and dear to me, to gratify your foolish desire. You must have known the powers of love are irresistible. You knew too, I loved Morley more than any other being on earth, yourself not excepted; yet you was constantly denying me his company, and now you see the result of your nefarious scheme. If then you have the least feeling of humanity left for one whom you have always considered a fond and affectionate daughter, and one too, who, has always entertained sentiments of the highest respect towards you; if you do not wish to bring disgrace upon your family by an act so unjust, recall what you have said against my husband, and I will return. Until you do that I shall remain where I am. Address J. A. P. New Castle. Your ever and affectionate daughter.

CAROLINE MORLEY."

The letter was sealed and forwarded by the first mail, and two days afterwards, as Mr. Woodville was sitting in the parlor with his wife, the servant handed him a letter. He took it and hastily breaking the seal, read the contents.

"By Heavens," exclaimed he after slowly running it over, "wife read that," at the same time throwing the letter toward her. "After all, in spite of all my commands, she has run away with that rascally Morley, and not only that, has married him."

"Can it be possible," eagerly asked Mrs. Woodville.

"Possible, most certainly it can, read and you will see, see too, with what impudence she writes back. Address, J. A. P. I will dress her nicely if I can find her."

"Forbear, do not talk so remember she is your daughter, a dear and affectionate child," entreated Mrs. Woodville.

"My daughter eh! Well what if she is. She is.



not worthy to be called such, nor shall she be any longer."

The old man's indignation was wrought to such a pitch against his daughter, that all Mrs. Woodville could do or say, proved of no avail. He remained stern and inflexible. His wife, seeing her arguments were useless left him alone, to calm his enraged mind. By degrees he returned to his right mind, and then he beheld for the first time, his own folly and madness, and the ruin into which he had hurried his daughter. Yet he could not compose himself sufficiently after being so incensed against them, to grant them the privilege of returning to his house.

Caroline not hearing anything from her father, considered it best to seek another home. After some delay they obtained suitable rooms, and Charles applied himself diligently to his trade, and Caroline being skillful in embroidery engaged in that, by which means they were able to maintain themselves honorably. During six years after they were married, by careful economy they managed so well as to lay up a nice sum without denying themselves any real comforts of life.

Time however laid Mr. Woodville's head low in the grave, and his once happy family were scattered far and wide. He died without leaving a will and the whole estate was spent in settling it.

Three years after this, Caroline and Charles removed to Ohio, and purchased a neat little house and lot, situated upon a delightful stream that wound its way along through the luxuriant fields and rich meadows towards the Ohio.

Let us look into the house. The parlor is neatly, though plainly furnished, and Caroline is engaged at her former occupation, with two smiling little angels playing beside her, while Charles is reading to her the news of the week. While he was reading, he was interrupted by a servant handing in a letter. "Good news this brings," exclaimed Charles after reading the letters "we are likely to have something yet."

"From what source," inquired Caroline.

"From the right source," replied Charles laughing, "by this I find a distant relative has died, and we are possessed of his whole estate, amounting to three hundred thousand dollars."

"Indeed, I did not know you had any relatives living," remarked Caroline, "or at least I never heard of any."

"Nor I, but Providence will sometimes favor the needy."

"So it seems, and you must begin to feel the truth of the proverb, 'trust in Providence and all will be well.'"

Caroline and Charles both lived to a good old age, and to see their children all married, and enter into business, and never did either regret the step they had taken, but on the contrary rejoiced to think they had foiled the old man in his anticipations.

August, 1846.

C.

"MOTHER! mother! here's Zeke, fretting the baby. Make him cry again Zeke, then mother will give him some more sugar, and I'll take it away from him—then he'll squall—and mother will give him more, and you can have that, and we'll both have some."

The very last Irish case we have heard is that of a cook, who happening to let some candles fall into water, put them in the oven to dry.

## BIOGRAPHY.



JOHN PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL JONES, a naval commander, was a native of Scotland. His father was a gardner of the name of Paul; for some reason the son, when he lived in Virginia, assumed the name of Jones. He early went to sea. After being for some time in command of a vessel, he engaged in commercial pursuits in the West Indies. In 1773, on the death of his brother he resided in Virginia, to settle his affairs. Soon after the beginning of the American revolutionary war, he commanded the Providence of 12 guns and 70 men, in which he cruised, and took 16 prizes. In May 1777, he was ordered to proceed to Paris to arrange some naval operations with the American commissioners. April 10, 1778 he sailed on a cruise in the Ranger, and alarmed the whole coast of Scotland. He landed at Whitehaven and captured two forts with 30 cannon; he carried off also the plate from the house of the earl of Selkirk, at St. Mary's Isle, but he afterwards restored it. He returned to Brest with 200 prisoners of war. He sailed again with a squadron of seven sail, Aug. 14, 1779. His own ship was the Bon Homme Richard, in which after a desperate engagement off Flamborough head he captured the British ship of war, Serapis, of superior force, Sept. 24, 1779. His own vessel however soon went down. For this exploit the French king presented him with a golden sword. Feb. 18, 1781, he arrived at Philadelphia. Congress passed a complimentary resolution, and voted him a golden medal. He afterwards superintended at Portsmouth, N. H. the building of a ship of war. After the restoration of peace he went to Paris as agent for prize money. He was soon invited to enter the Russian service with the rank of rear admiral. But after serving a short time in the Black sea, he was dissatisfied, was calumniated at court, and had liberty from the empress to retire. Returning to Paris, he died in that city in neglect, July 18, 1792. Though most enterprising and brave, he was irritable, vain, and of an impetuous temper. An account of his life was published in 1828, by J. H. Sherburne.

"There can be no doubt but that Paul Jones was a great man. By this we mean far more than an enterprising and dashing seaman. The success which attended exploits effected by very insufficient means, forms the least portion of his claims to the character. His mind aimed at high objects, and kept an even pace with his elevated views. We have only to fancy such a man at the head of a force like that with which Nelson achieved the victory of the Nile—twelve as perfect and well commanded two-decked ships as probably ever

sailed in company—in order to get some idea of what he would have done with them, with a peerage or Westminster Abby in the perspective. No sea-captain of whom the world possesses any well authenticated account, ever attempted projects as bold as those of Jones, or which discovered more of the distinctive quality, of a great mind, if the quality of his enemy kept in view, as well as his own limited and imperfect means. The battle between the Serapis and Richard had some extraordinary peculiarities, beyond a question: and yet as a victory, it has often been surpassed. The peculiarities belong strictly to Jones, but we think his offering battle to the Drake—alone in his sloop, in the Irish Channel, with enemies before, behind, and on each side of him—an act of higher naval courage than the attack on the Serapis, Landais' extraordinary conduct could not have been foreseen, and it is emergency in this affair, that he came out in his character of indomitable resolution. But all the cruises of the man indicated forethought, intrepidity and intelligence. Certainly no sea-captain under the American flag has ever equalled him in these particulars.

"That Jones had many defects of character, is certain. They arose, in part, from the temperament, and in part from education. His constant declarations of the delicacy of his sentiments, and of the disinterestedness of his services, though true in the main, were in a state that higher associations in youth would probably have corrected. There was ever a loftiness of feeling about him, that disinclined him equally to meanness and vulgarity; and as for the coarseness of language and deportment that too much characterized the babits of the sea in his time, he appears never to have yielded to them. All this was well in itself and did him credit, but it would have been better had he spoken less frequently of his exemption from such failings, and not have alluded to them so often in his remarks on others.

"There was something in the personal character of Jones that weakened his hold on his cotemporaries, though it does not appear to have ever produced a want of confidence in his services or probity. Com. Dale used to mention him with respect, and even with attachment—often calling him Paul, with a degree of affection that spoke well for both parties. Still it is not to be concealed that a species of indefinite distrust clouded his reputation even in America, until the industry of his biographers by means of indisputable documents and his own voluminous correspondence, succeeded in placing him before the public in a light too unequivocally respectable to leave any reasonable doubts that public sentiment had silently done him justice. The power of England, in the way of opinion, has always been great in this country; and it is probable the discredit that nation threw on the reputation of Paul Jones produced an influence, more visible in its results, than its workings, on his standing even with those he had so well served.

"In person Jones was of the middle stature, with a complexion that was colorless, and with a skin that showed the exposure of the sea.

"He was well formed and active. His cotemporaries have described him as quiet and unassuming in his manners, and of rather retiring deportment. The enthusiasm which ran in so deep a current in his heart was not of the obtrusive sort; nor was it apt to appear until circumstances arose to call it into action; then it seemed to absorb all the other

properties of his being. Glory, he constantly avowed, was his aim, and there is reason to think that he did not mistake his own motives in this particular. It was to be regretted that his love of glory was so closely connected with his personal vanity, but even this is sought as an instrument of ruthless power.

"If an author may be permitted to quote from himself, we shall conclude this sketch by adding what we have already said, by way of summary of this remarkable man, in note to the first edition of the History of the United States Navy, viz: 'In battle, Paul Jones was brave; in enterprise, hardy and original; in victory mild and generous; in motives much disposed to disinterestedness, though ambitious of renown, and covetous of distinction; in his affections, natural and sincere; and in his temper, except in those cases which assailed reputation, just and forgiving.' That these good qualities were without alloy, it would be presumptuous to assert, but it appears certain that his defects were relieved by high proofs of greatness, and that his deeds were no more than the proper results of the impulse, talents, and intrepidity of the man."—Cooper.

### MISCELLANY.

#### FLORA'S CHOICE.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

JUPITER called before him the ideal prototypes of the world he was about to create, and the blooming Flora appeared among them. Who can describe her charms? All the gods gazed upon her—all the goddesses envied her.

"Choose thyself a lover," said Jupiter, "out of yonder crowd of deities and spirits; but see to it, silly child, that thy choice deceive thee not."

Flora cast a careless glance around, and oh, had she chosen Phebus, who glowed with love for her!—But his beauty was too lofty, his love too silent to please her. Her eye wandered heedlessly around, and she chose (who would have thought it?) one of the lowest in the company of the gods the idle Zephyr.

"Unthinking one!" said Jupiter; "why will thy sex always prefer bold and forward graces, to deep and silent love? Hadst thou chosen Phebus, thou and all thy offspring had shared his immortality. But now, possess thy bridegroom."

Zephyr embraced her, and she disappeared, transformed to flower-dust, in the realm of the prince of the air.

When Jupiter awoke the ideal forms of creation into existence, he called upon Zephyr, who was slumbering over the ashes of his beloved.—

"Up, up! bring thy bride here, and see her appearance on earth."

The flower-dust came. Zephyr carried it abroad over the face of the earth; Phebus poured his kindly rays and warm it into life; the sister spirits of the streams and fountains nurtured it; and Flora appeared in a thousand flowers, of every hue.

How they rejoiced to see their heavenly lover again! They yielded themselves up to his amorous kisses—his gentle embrace.—Short-lived was their joy! Hardly had they unfolded themselves to receive their bridegroom, ere the fickle Zephyr deserted them, and Phebus, full of pity for slighted affections, in mercy let loose her midday rage, and called them away from their sorrows to an early tomb.

Maidens, ye bloom like Flora; see that ye do not choose a Zephyr for a lover.

#### CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.

A HOOSIER was called upon the stand, out west to testify to the character of a brother Hoosier. The testimony was as follows:—

"How long have you known Bill Whack?"

"Ever since he was born."

"What is his general character?"

"Letter A No. 1—'bove par a great ways, I judge."

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"Yes, sir-ee! on or off, or any other way, I conclude."

"What, in your opinion, are his qualifications as to good character?"

"He's the best shot on our prairies or in the woods. He can shave the eye-winkers off a wolf as far as a shootin' iron'll carry a ball. He can drink a quart of grog any day, and chaws tobacco like a hoss."

#### PRINTER'S LANGUAGE.

THE following orders from a foreman in a newspaper printing office, don't mean half so much as it would seem to the uninitiated:

"Jim, put Gen. Washington in the galleys, and then finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday.—Set up entire, the ruins of Herculaneum—distribute the small-pox—you need not finish that runaway match—have the high water in the paper this week—let the pie alone until after dinner, but put the political barbecue to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning." No wonder Dr. Faustus was burnt for inventing such a diabolical art.

#### NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM MOSCOW.

THE battle of Borodino had passed.—Seventy-five thousands of human beings had been murdered there, but the worst was yet to come! Napoleon with his half a million was in Moscow, with a Russian winter closing in upon him, and starvation staring him in the face. The return commenced—the mighty army turned their faces homeward. There were fathers in that mighty band, and they dreamed of loving wives and sweet babes. There were sons there—only sons!—Young men who had been reared in the lap of plenty, and who were the idols of their homes. But those fathers were never to see their wives and children, those sons never to witness a mother's joy!—Hunger and cold daily consumed thousands. The suffering endured we cannot compute. You might see the young man there, who had never seen want, lie down upon the cold snow to die, without a friend to carry his last message to his mother, or his betrothed. And there the glory seeker received with the rest—not Glory, but Death! Day after day they grew thinner and thinner until they had crossed the Russian frontier. There they were numbering only fifty thousand! And FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND in eternity! Only one in ten survived the horrors of that Russian winter! Look there! upon that picture, ye that seek glory in the battle. Look there, ye that excite men to war, and be silent. And when you have looked at that picture, go to the firesides made sad by the death of four hundred and fifty thousand!—Reckon the number of hearts that were broken; measure the tears that were wept by the mothers, the wives, the sisters, of that four hundred and fifty thousand, and come, and enlist under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

D. W. B.

#### EUGENE SUE AND THE PRINCESS.

IT has been the custom of the great novelist, notwithstanding his reputation as a man of fashion, to spend much of his time in visiting the garrets of the city of Paris, relieving the poor, and at the same moment getting a deep knowledge of human nature. On a sleety night last November, he was standing in one of the most wretched holes in Paris, where a poor widow and her two children were lying in a state of shocking destitution. They were without bread, or covering, or fire; and the beauty of one of the orphan children, a girl of some fifteen years, added interest to the scene. Sue gave them some money, and left, resolving to call soon. He did call, and to his surprise found the widow and her children surrounded with all the comforts of life—fire on the hearth, baskets of bread Bologna sausages in profusion, and in fact every thing necessary to make home happy. In the midst of this scene of profusion stood a slender young man, very handsomely dressed. He was the cause of this sudden relief; the widow and her daughter blessed him with tears in their eyes. Eugene Sue was much struck by this token of feeling in one so young, brilliant and gay. When the young fashionable left, he followed, determined to ascertain his residence, and after much trouble, saw him enter a carriage near the Place Vendome, and drive to the Chausse d'Antin. Sue followed, and saw the stranger enter the hotel of the Due de R—. He waited for an hour his reappearance, and at last saw a beautiful young lady, of high rank, come out of the hotel and enter her carriage. In that lady, Sue recognized not only the handsome dandy whom he had met in the garret, but the Princess d'Orleans, one of the daughters of Louis Philippe! She had visited the poor widow in disguise, dressed in a white sack of peculiar make—the same in which she tried to rescue Louis Napoleon some months ago.

#### THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

AMONG the good things told at the dinner in Matamoras at Gen. Arista's head quarters, was the following:—

Lieut. Britton, of the 7th infantry, said that a brave soldier was in the habit of drinking too much. His colonel remonstrated with him; "Tom, you are a bold fellow and a good soldier, but you will get drunk." "Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you expect all the virtues of the human character combined, for seven dollars a month?" He proposed the health and promotion of the gallant Tom.

#### DON'T GET ANGRY.

IT may be difficult to keep cool physically, at all times, in mid-summer, but mentally we can always be cool and collected, if we have a proper control over our passions. To get angry, is one of the weakest things a person can do. A mad man or a mad woman is ever wretched. Look at such an one and be warned! A kind of mental hydrophobia is raging within. Vengeance gleams from the eye; hatred sits upon the brow; malignity scowls upon the countenance; and the hands are ready to execute the will of the demon influence at work.

A lovely woman in a passion, is converted into a hideous object. A man becomes imbued with the spirit of a fiend. All know this. Yet there are persons that make no attempt to control their anger, but actually let it increase upon them. Such are



to be pitied as well as censured: pitied for their weakness, condemned for their ugliness.

Of all habits that of flying into a passion at every trivial matter, is one of the worst. Every person should guard against the faint approach of anger; should school into subjection the monster ready to work within him.—If it is not done, unhappiness must abide in the circle influenced by him, and never can remove until the habit is overcome.

What a pity, that when the earth beneath and the heaven above us are so beautiful, and gentleness is so lovely, that any of God's creatures will do their utmost to mar this beauty and loveliness! Yet so it is, and will be as long as men or women will allow passion to supplant the rule of gentleness within them.—*Poughkeepsie Telegraph.*

#### NO TASTE FOR IT.

A HARDENED offender being about to be hung, the attendant clergyman, under the impression that he was a repentant sinner, thus addressed him:

"In a few moments you will be in another and a better world. I envy you your place."

"Do you?" said the fellow eagerly, "how'll you swap situations!"

The minister, however, had rather not, and so said, "Cast such thoughts from you, and put your trust above. Why should you cling so eagerly to the things of earth, when life has been to you a career of wretchedness and crime? Know ye not 'this world is a fleeting show'?"

"Yes," replied he, "but if you've no objections, I'd rather see the show a little longer."

#### COMICAL.

"LANDLORD," said a shrewd fellow, as he seated himself in the bar room and bore the silent gaze of the surrounding advocates in the bar, "do you know of any body that has lost a handsome ivory handle jack knife, with four blades—two large ones and two small ones, having a piece of silver on one side and brass at the ends?"

"No," replied the veteran landlord, whose proboscis resembled a ripe strawberry, tipped with a pearly drop of dew—"why have you found one?"

"No," said the wag, "but I thought I would enquire, so that if I should find one, I might know whose it was."

#### FABLE OF THE TWO FLIES.

MOTHER, said a fly in great agitation, you certainly are in error about the *beauty* of those persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion, which appeared to be so smooth and natural: but, dear mother, I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in the filthy red mud, and with the greatest difficulty I got away; only look at my feet and legs! If they thought themselves so handsome as you say they do, I am sure they would never cover their faces with such stuff as this.

#### POWER OF STEAM.

"Is it stame?" said an Irishman; "by the saintly St. Patharick, but it's a mighty great thing, intirely, for drivin' things—it put me through nine states in a day!—devil a word of a lie in it!"

"Nine States?" exclaimed a dozen, in astonishment.

"Yis, nine of them, be jabers, as aisy as a cat

'ud lick her ear! D'yee see, now; I got married in New-York in the mornin', and wint wid my wife Biddy to Baltimore the same day—hould yer wist now and count the states. There was the state of matrimony, which I entered from a single state, in a sober state, in the state of New-York, and I wint through New Jarsy, Pinesylvane and Dilawur into Maryland, where I arrived in a most beautiful state of *jolification*. There is nine by the rod of Moses—count 'em if yez like. Oeh, but stame's a scourger!"—*St. Louis Reville.*

#### AGREEABLES.

It is excessively pleasant to put your hand in your pocket to draw out your notes, when about to deliver an oration, and pull out a brickbat which some wag has deposited in place of them.

To write a love-letter to a young lady, and receive an answer from her dady threatening to exterminate you, if you do such a thing again.

To buy a barrel of beef, as you suppose, and after you have got to the bottom of the barrel to drag out one or two horses' hoofs with the shoes still sticking to them.

#### SPECULATION.

"CLASS in history, stand up. Who was the first unfortunate speculator?"

"Jonah, thir."

"Why so Samuel?"

"Becauss he wasn't noffin' else."

"That is very good, but not the answer—Next, Jedediah, why was Jonah the first unfortunate speculator?"

"Because he was sucked in."

HORRIBLE.—"Well, I swan tew man, there's a darned muss over tew our house." "Why, what's the matter, Johnny?" "Oh, dad's got a new hat, Moll's got the snub-nosed hooking cough, and Jake's a shaking tew smash with the square-toed measles." "Yew don't!" "Yes—and that nint all nuther." "Oh dear what else?" "Old puss has got a whole snag of pups; and mother's got apple dumplins, and molasses for dinner!"

DECIDEDLY COOL.—When the Louis Phillipe struck a snag lately in the Mississippi, a gentleman having four young ladies under his charge, ran to the cabin door and cried out for them to hurry dressing—that the boat was sinking, and they would all be drowned. The ladies replied, with the greatest coolness imaginable—"Then, Colonel, in that case there will be no necessity of dressing."

THE OCEAN IN A STORM.—A late writer says that if you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine ten thousand hills and four thousand mountains all drunk, chasing one another over newly-ploughed ground, with lots of caverns in them to step into now and then.

HARD TO TELL.—An exchange paper says it is as hard to tell where moderate drinking ends and drunkenness begins, as it is to tell when a pig ceases to be a pig and becomes a hog.

A PROVERB saith, "Labor while the day lasts for the night cometh when no man can work." There were no printers when that was written.

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1846.

#### STEAM-BOAT FAIRFIELD.

THIS Steamer that has been so long and favorably known by the traveling community, is justly deserving of the much praise and merit that is awarded to its gentlemanly officers. Some few weeks since the Sunday School's of our City contemplated having a sail to Upper Red Hook, and enjoying a Pic-Nic in a beautiful Grove near that place on the bank of the river. The proprietors of the Fairfield immediately on hearing of it tended to the committee of arrangements their boat and barge. This indeed was a praiseworthy and meritorious action and which we trust will be long and gratefully remembered by the inhabitants of our city, who we hope will ever be ready and willing to speak of the Fairfield and its polite officers in the highest terms. Capt. Beebe by his urbanity and attention is highly esteemed by all who know him, and Mr. Newbury, (son of Capt. T. P. Newbury,) Second Captain has not his superior on the North River, in obliging and accomodating the public. We hope that the Fairfield will receive its due share of patronage which it so justly merits.

#### THE ALBANY POST-OFFICE.

SOME few weeks ago, we had occasion to remark of the freedom, privilege and general liberty Postmasters or their deputies took with the "Repository" since then we have not heard a complaint nor even a murmur of dissatisfaction from our subscribers of that nature, except of the "Albany Post-Office." We have received letters stating that it is an utter impossibility for the "Repository" to be obtained at that office. Now we would most respectfully and humbly ask that high functionary who presides over the regulations of the Post-Office department at Albany, whether he is cognizant of such operations, if not, whether he will not see that there is a stop put to it in the future. The papers are regularly mailed for Albany, and there can be no doubt, but what they reach their destination, for the clerks in our City Post-Office inform us that they are always carefully deposited in the Mail-Bag that goes immediately for that city, and that they are legibly directed and done up in strong envelopes. If we continue to hear complaints from that quarter we shall certainly seek some remedy that will protect our rights.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have at present a large quantity of contributions both in prose and verse, which have much merit and will add great interest to the columns of our paper. But we would suggest to some unknown "Knights of the Quill," who are continually surfeiting us with trash of a very inferior quality, to resort to some other amusement than scribbling "twaddle," and inflicting an Editor with the trouble of perusing it. Will the authors of "An incident founded on fact," "A Brother's Grave," &c. bear this in mind.

We would also remark to the authors of "Pencilings in Sunshine and Shade," "The Unbeliever," and "Why should I weep," who have heretofore shown themselves possessed of genuine poetic talents, that they are not the right contributions for a Literary paper; we hope they will remember that too much of the grave, is equally as objectionable as too much of the ludicrous.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$3.00; W. B. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. S. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00.



BOUND  
In Hymen's silken bands.



In this city on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. James H. Harley, of New-York, to Miss Sarah E. Brown, of this city.

At Stockport, July 28th, by the Rev. Alden Seovel, Hon. Robert C. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, to Ellen Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Dr. Robert Hicks, of the former place.



LOOSED  
From the fetters of Earth.



In this city on the 4th inst. Jehu W. Smith, in his 42d year. On the 12th of May last, at Canton, China, on board of the ship Great Briton, Capt. George Chase, Charles William, son of Capt. George Barker, of this city, in the 17th year of his age.

## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

THE incident that is narrated in the following lines, was told to the writer by a young friend in the navy; the subject is a young man by the name of Picken, an English midshipman who died in Valparaiso in 1840, of a broken-heart. We give our informant's tale, (with the exception of the rhyme) the same as he related it.

We sat alone in a trellised bower,  
And gazed o'er the dark'ning deep,  
And the holy calm of that twilight hour,  
Came over our hearts like sleep;  
And we dreamt of the "banks and bonny braes"  
Which has gladdened our childhood's early days.  
And he the friend at my side that sat,  
Was a boy whose path had gone  
O'er the fields and flowers of joy, which Fate  
Like a mother, had smiled upon.  
And we thought of the time when our hopes had wings  
And Memory to Grief like a Syren sings.

His home had been on the stormy shore,  
Of Albion mountain land;  
His ear was tuned to the breaker's roar,  
And he loved the bleak sea sand—  
And the torrents din—and the howling breeze  
Roused all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of the sunny lands  
Which rose o'er Indian seas;  
Where gold shone sparkling from river sands,  
And strange fruit bent the trees;  
They had lured him away from his father's hearth,  
With its tones of love and its voice of mirth.

Now the fruit and river glens were near,  
And he strayed 'neath a tropic sun;  
But the voice of promise that thrilled in his ear,  
At that joyous hour was gone;  
And the hopes he had cherished 'mid the wilds of night  
Had melted away like a fire-fly's light.

Oh! I have watched him gazing long  
Where the homeward vessels lay;  
Chasing sad thoughts with some old song,  
And wiping his tears away;  
And well I knew that weary breast,  
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest.

There was a worm in the bud, whose fold  
Defied the leech's art;  
Consumption's hectic plague spot told  
The tale of a broken-heart.  
The boy knew he was dying, but the sleep  
Of death is bliss to those who weep.—

He died, but memory's wizard power,  
With its ghost-like train had come  
To his heart's dark veins at that last hour  
And he murmured "Home, home, home!"  
And his spirit passed with that happy dream  
Like a bird in the track of a bright sun-beam.

Oh! talk of spring to the trampled flower,  
Of light to the fallen star;  
Of glory to those who in danger's hour  
Lie cold on the fields of war.  
But ye mock the exile's heart when ye tell  
Of aught but the home where it loves to dwell.

Hudson, N. Y. 1846.

J. G. S.

For the Rural Repository.

## SPEAK GENTLY TO THAT NEIGHBOR!

BY CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

SPEAK kindly to that neighbor! thou knowest not how with  
tears,  
And sighs, and groans, and agony, he's mourned o'er vanished  
years—  
Speak gently to the fallen! Christ shed a precious blood,  
That such as he might be washed white, in rich, redeeming  
blood.

Thou knowest not what temptations, were cast within his  
way;

Thou, even thou proud spirit, can'st not unblushing say,  
That had thy bark been straying, the same wild billows o'er,  
Thou too had'st not been stranded, upon the self-same shore.

Speak gently to that neighbor, yet let one ceaseless prayer  
Arise, that God thy feet would guide, from each entrapping  
snare—

O, take him kindly by the hand, though lost to Hope—to  
Heaven!

And here I charge thee to forgive, as thou would'st be for-  
given!

Columbus, Ga. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

## MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

BY JULIA NEWMAN.

THAT morn was balmy—and the gentle breeze,  
Bore on its dulcet wings, from flowers,  
Fragrant, rich perfumery; and the birds,  
Did warble forth their morning orisons.  
The western spires, reflected back bright Sol's  
First morning ray, as up the eastern sky,  
In cloudless beauty o'er the green-capt hills  
He came. For early morning ramble,  
We had left the curtained couch, and din,  
Of Fashion's throng, to hold communion  
With the dead—with God—and our own hearts  
On Auburn's height. Our steps grew lighter,  
For we neared the city of the dead.—  
We hastened forward, and the massive gate  
Swung back; while through its sacred portals,  
On we passed and stood 'mid monuments  
Of cold, relentless death.—Here sweetly sleeps  
The aged of our race—whose silver locks,  
And furrowed cheeks, were gathered in the cause  
Of Christ, on far-off distant lands—and there  
The middle aged. Beneath yon flow'ry bed—  
O'er which the weeping-willow graceful bends  
Her modest head—reposes youth; and there,  
Beside yon turf of ever-green, the babe—  
That nestled fondly in its mother's arms,  
Or sat upon its father's knee, and made  
Them both forget perplexing cares—is lain.  
Through winding avenues, 'mid flowers bright,  
And shrubbery rare—and forest trees—  
And by the granite-margin lake—along  
Its gravel walk, for hours—we roamed.

How salutary

To the heart of friendship scenes like this!  
Wealth, honor, fame, all dwindle to a point,  
And vanish in their utter nothingness,  
Compared with hearts that drop warm friendship's tear  
O'er these cold mounds or eul such flower's as these.  
Let skeptics who imagine friends forget,  
When those they loved are shrouded in the tomb,  
Come view with me this scene, and tell me,  
If you would not die, to have such flowers  
As these—transplanted by affection's hand—  
To blossom o'er thy grave.

South Egremont, Mass. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

## ESTELLE.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

ESTELLE, Estelle, the star of my soul!  
The God that was swaying my beings control!  
A heart thrilling story of passion and thee,  
My lyre has murmured in sadness to me.

The beauty that mantled thy bright glowing cheek,  
Has faded like flowers from the north-wind's bleak;  
And the light of those eyes, once beaming and bright,  
Like sunshine of day from the shadows of night!

That snow-jeweled hand I have trembled to touch,  
The rose of that cheek I have lauded so much;  
I saw them, and felt them, and gazed not to tire,  
Till the blood in my bosom was kindled to fire!

Estelle, Estelle, tongue never can tell,  
How long I have loved thee, how much and how well!  
Like the torch of the flame-fly, whose meteor blazes,  
While wooing his mate, never dims or decays.

I dared to depict it on lute and on lyre,  
When my heart was burning with passion and fire;

Alone in my chamber its raptures were given,  
As pure as the language of angels in Heaven.

Estelle, Estelle, stray lamb of the fold!  
The tale of thy crime I could never have told,  
But my lute in mingling thy name with my own,  
Wafes a sound through my chamber mournful and lone.

Estelle, Estelle, the gem of my heart,  
Though sullied it be it can never depart!  
I strive to forget thee, I cannot forget,  
I struggle, I struggle, but worship thee yet!

Fulton, N. Y. 1846.

## EPIGRAM.

If in those eyes of fire  
Love never shone;  
If from that voice Love's lyre  
Took not its tone;  
O, how those wicked eyes  
Have fib'd to me!  
O, how that lyre lies  
That speaks for thee!

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Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1846.

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